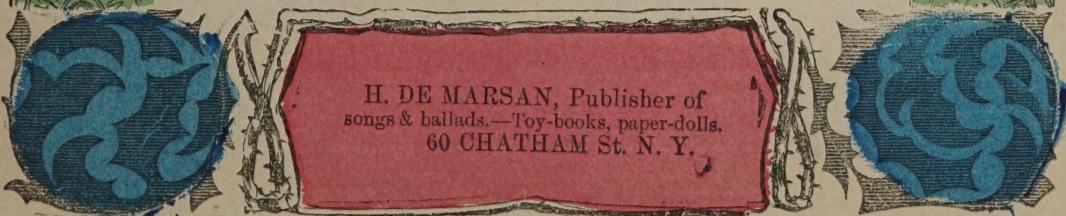


RED PETTICOATS.

By Willie. E. Pabor.

Down Broadway, ere the sun was low,
I saw the New York ladies go :
And in the smiling crowd, I know,
Where some who wore red petticoats,
And soon we'll see no other sight.
All through the hours of broad day light,
Until the coming of the night,
Then these self same red petticoats
In silks and laces all arrayed,
Each lady smiling progress made,
And beaux their best obeisance paid,
To those who wore red petticoats,
Then shook their hearts, by passion riven :
Then rushed their steps, to beauty driven ;
And bright as Turkish dreams of heaven,
Seemed these self same red petticoats,
But brighter yet, their hopes shall glow,
When down Broadway these beaux shall go,
In steady and unbroken flow,
Flanked by these self same red petticoats.
The red streams widens. All the beaux,
Glide in the current, as it flows,
Of maidens, lovely as the rose,
Arrayed in these red petticoats.
And many hearts shall own defeat,
When keeping time, with rapid beat,
To pattering of pretty feet,
Beneath these same red petticoats.



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